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# Holy Night

ELLA M. POWERS.



# Holy Night

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By Ella M. Powers  
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**O**'er eastern plains the star-lit sky  
Becomes illumined, radiant, bright;  
The distant hills like silver gleam  
On this, the holy night.  
In radiant light the angels sing  
That world-loved song with one accord :  
"For unto you is born this day  
A Saviour which is Christ the Lord."



END.

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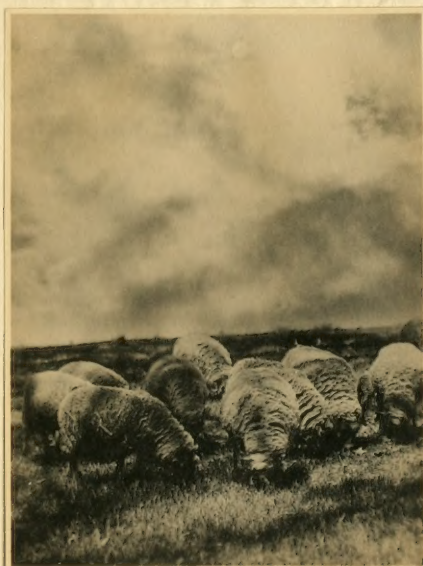








**T**he music ceased; still is the air;  
Awe-struck in whispers strange and low,  
The shepherds to the angels' care  
Now leave their flocks and softly go  
O'er misty fields to the little town;  
A silvery ray is their pathway bright  
That leads to the lowly manger hushed  
By the splendor of that holy night.











**A**h! speechless, blinded, they draw near,  
The piercing splendor grows more wild,  
Touched are the hearts of the shepherds now;  
'Tis the sweet young mother and her child!  
'Tis Christ, the King the bards foretold;  
The world's great gift, so pure, so bright,  
'Tis Christ the King of all the earth,  
Who came on this first Christmas night.











**J**ubilant bells, peal out the song,  
Of the Christ-child's holy birth,  
Down the glad years the tones prolong  
Throughout the whole broad earth.  
Your hallelujahs ring out far,  
Peal out from hill and glen,  
This first glad Christmas carol bright  
Of "Peace, Good will to men."

















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